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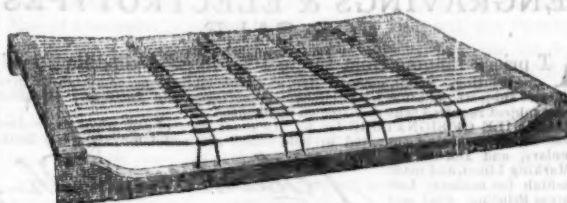
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V.

HENRY, son and heir to Henry of Monmouth, Earl of Lancaster, was surnamed *Grismond*, from the place of his birth. He obtained, in 7th year of Edward the Third, a grant from his father, dated at Kenilworth 28th December, 1333, of the castle and town of Kidwelly, with the territory of Carnwarthlan; as also of the castles of Oggemor, Grossmont, Skenefrith, and manor of Ebboth. In the 9th year of Edward the Third he was in an expedition to Scotland, at which time he gave such testimony of his valour and military skill, that he received from the king a grant of certain lands at Berwick-upon-Tweed, which had belonged to Peter de Kymeringham. On the 7th April in the same year he was made captain-general of the king's army in that quarter, and in the following May he was made Banneret.

In 1337 he obtained an assignment of five hundred and seven pounds ten shillings for his own, and the wages of his men-at-arms, which he retained for the wars in Scotland, and was at the same time advanced to the dignity of Earl of Derby. In lieu of the *third penny*, or twenty pounds a year, he had a pension of 1,000 marks, to be received yearly during the life of his father, out of the customs of London, Boston, and Kingston-upon-Hull, until the king should otherwise provide for him in lands or rents to that value. This earl, at the battle of Cagonet, owed his life to the valour Sir Walter Manny, of famous memory, who brought him safely off, exclaiming, "Lancaster for the Earl of Derby!" In the following five years he was in the French wars, accompanied by a retinue of five bannerets, fifty knights, one hundred and forty-four squires, and two hundred archers upon horseback. He had for his wages on that service, one hundred and eight and a half sacks of wool, taking for himself the king's wool, eight shillings per day, whilst every banneret had four shillings, every squire one shilling, and every archer sixpence per day. In the 17th year of Edward the Third, he marched with other nobles to Scotland to raise the siege of Loughnabon Castle, and was afterwards appointed ambassador to the King of Castile to settle some differences. In the same year he granted to Sir Roger de Chetwynd, and Joan, his wife, for their lives, an annual rent out his manor of Shenstone, of twenty pounds per annum. At this period he sailed with Sir Walter Manny to Bayonne, and from thence he visited Bordeaux. He marched, with five hundred knights and squires, and two thousand archers, and took Brigerac and Anberoch; he afterwards captured fifty-six cities, towns, and places of note in France. At Brigerac he made forty knights, English and Gascoignes, and amassed a large quantity of treasure. In this year of his great exploits his father, Henry of Monmouth, died, and he was not able to attend his funeral. He was made the king's lieutenant in Aquitaine.

About this time the famous *Order of the Garter* was instituted; and next to the king and Prince Edward (the Black Prince), Henry of *Grismond* was the first knight companion, and the Earl of Leicester the second. In the 20th year of Edward the Third he was in France, actively employed in the conquest of Poitiers. He also relieved the besieged town of Aquitaine, and returned with great booty to Bordeaux. He was one of those appointed at the siege of Calais to settle the dispute betwixt the son of John de Warbleton, son and heir to Sir John de Warbleton, and Tiband, son and heir of Sir Tiband de Russel, who assumed the surname of Georges, and the arms of the said Warbleton, viz.—*Lozenge de or and azure*; when it was proved that the Warbletons and their ancestors had borne them immemorially. In the 21st year of Edward the Third (1347), this earl had in his own retinue eight hundred men-at-arms, and two thousand

archers, and had expended in the wars of France £17,000, besides the pay which he had from the king. In consideration for these services, he had various grants made him, among others, the castle and town of Brigerac, in France, and Worston, in Derbyshire, a rent in Derby, and free warren in various places. Henry was made Earl of Lincoln, and Lieutenant and Captain-General of Poitou. He took forty-two towns and castles in one year, the 22nd year of Edward the Third. He then bore the titles of Earl of Lancaster, Leicester, Lincoln, Derby, *Grismond*, and Ferrers, but was advanced to a still higher honour, and appointed, for his life, by the king's special charter, bearing date 6th March, the 26th year of Edward the Third, DUKE OF LANCASTER, which, being done by the general consent of all the prelates and peers sitting in Parliament, he was invested with a sword, with power to have a *Chancery* in the county of Lancaster, and to issue out writs there under his own seal, as well touching the pleas of the crown, as any other relating to the common laws of the realm; and also to enjoy all other liberties and regalities belonging to a *County Palatine*, in as ample a manner as the Earl of Chester was known to do within that county. He was, also, made by David Bruce, King of Scotland, Earl of Moray.

He was appointed admiral of the king's fleet, and obtained leave to visit the Holy Land to fight the infidels; but in his journey he was surprised and made prisoner by the Duke of Brunswick, whom he afterwards met in combat, but the latter had not sufficient courage, and Henry submitted to the orders of the King of France. He some time after returned to England, having acquired the name and the character of the good Duke of Lancaster, and spent his Christmas with the king at St. Albans.

He received special command from the king to keep forty lances, to guard the sea coast of Lancashire.

When John, King of France, who had been taken prisoner by Edward the Black Prince, was brought into this country, in the 31st year of Edward the Third, the captive monarch was entertained in the Savoy, a stately palace in the suburbs of London, then lately built by Henry, Duke of Lancaster, at the expense of 52,000 marks, which he had got at the taking of Brigerac.

Henry gave to the monks of Whalley, Lancashire, two cottages and seven acres of land, one hundred and eighty-three acres of pasture, two hundred acres of wood, called *Romesgrove*, all lying in the chase of Blackburne; likewise two messuages, one hundred and twenty-six acres of land, twenty-six acres of meadow, one hundred and thirty acres of pasture, called *Standen*, *Holcroft*, and *Grenelache*, lying within the towns of Penhulton and Cliderhou, with the fold and the foldage of *Standen*, to support two recluses in the parochial churchyard of Whalley, and divers other appointments there. He founded a chantry at the high altar in St. Nicholas's Chapel, Liverpool, for the celebration there of masses for the souls of himself and his ancestors. That ceremony was observed until the dissolution. He gave his sister Maud, Countess of Ulster, the castle and manor of Melbourne.

To the day of his death he passed an active life. He died March 24th, 1361, and was buried in great state at Leicester. He married Isabella, daughter of Henry Bellmont (Lord Folkingham), and by her had two daughters, co-heiresses—Maud, the elder, first married Ralph, son and heir of Ralph, Lord Stafford; secondly, William of Bavaria, son of Lewis the Emperor, Duke of Zealand, Holland, Haynault, and Friesland. Blanch, the younger, married *John of Gaunt*, Earl of Richmond, fourth son of King Edward the Third. The property was divided between them. Maud, at the time of her second marriage, was only 19 years of age. Her second husband was made, by courtesy only, Earl of Leicester and Steward of England, for she, dying without issue, 1362, the whole of these great estates and titles came to John of Gaunt. William of Bavaria had become

BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

insane in 1858, and Maud returned to England, and had the moiety of the Duke, her father's inheritance given to her. On her death, John of Gaunt received the additional title of Earl of Leicester, and in a few months afterwards that of Duke of Lancaster.

Arms of Henry of Grismond, Duke of Lancaster—England (gu., 3 lions, pass. guard., or), with a label of 3 points of France, enclosed in a Garter. Achievement—az. semée fleurs-de-lis or, a lion rampant of the last, one bendlet arg., and gules of eight, for Bellmont.

THE DISSOLUTION QUESTION.

OUR own clairvoyant furnishes us with the following report of the proceedings at a late Cabinet Council.

Lord BEACONFIELD (*solus*):

Now do I once more meet in Council sage
My trusty followers, who, all too weak,
Too slow of comprehension, too supine,
Not daring to ascend except by steps
That noble height to which I boldly lead
With soaring wings, yet patiently plod on
Content to gaze with raptured eyes on him
Who gaily leads, and follow far behind.
But little do they know, the simple souls,
Of those high State affairs, *haute politique*,
On which the welfare, the prosperity
Of this fair land depend. They have not learnt
Th' Imperial lesson; their dull baculic minds
Can never comprehend its noble aims.
Their stupid English notions don't accord
With those great instincts which should animate
Imperial statesmen. Why, oh why, am I
For ever shackled, hindered, and detained
By these impediments. I would be free
To wing my upward, onward course alone—
To raise this drooping country from the mire
Of arbitration, compromise, and peace
To which base Gladstone sunk her. I would lead
Her sons to fields of glory; cause her name
To be respected, bowed to; would myself
Decree the fate of nations—

[His Lordship is interrupted in his soliloquy by the arrival of one of the Ministers, and the others following, they are soon all seated round the Council table.]

Lord BEACONFIELD:

Bon jour, mes braves, thrice welcome, noble band
Of patriots, defenders of the land
Which gave you birth, and of that monarch good
For whom we all would die before we would
Allow dishonour but to blow one breath
Upon her crown.

MINISTERS:

Aye, aye, my lord, till death,
We'll serve her well, and due obeisance yield
To her most noble vixen, Beaconsfield.

Lord BEACONFIELD:

My worthy friends, I thank you one and all;
I know you're ready at your country's call
To brave all opposition, Harcourt's spleen,
The Irishmen's attack upon our Queen,
John Bright's wild babble, Gladstone's machinations,
And Hartington and Co's denunciations.
They give you, it is true, some nuts to crack
Which seem unbreakable, but their attack
Has been repelled by Salisbury, Cross,
And Stanley, who quite compensates the loss
Of his frail brother. (*Aside*.) How I wish he could.
These men are but a mediocre brood
Of ineffective spouters. All the folly see
Of their defence of my grand policy.
(*Aloud*.) I thank him, too, for his adroit allusion
To that mysterious subject—dissolution.
I don't intend, at present—

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:

Oh, my lord,
Before you make your mind up, hear one word
On subjects fiscal. Look at my position,
The revenue's got into a condition
Of such confusion, difficulty, doubt,
I don't know how I'm going to get it out.
And if you don't dissolve before next session,
I shall be forced to make a full confession

Of bills and liabilities deferred,
Such as in your time Parliament's not heard.
If you dissolve at once it won't be known;
But we must have fresh taxes, I must own,
In my next Budget. Then you'll see the nation
Will have no ear for any explanation,
However good, but quickly turn us out.

Lord BEACONFIELD:

Affairs are serious, without a doubt.
But what do others say upon the matter?

Lord SALISBURY:

Well, as for me, Sir Stafford's haste would shatter
Some hopes I'd entertained that things in Turkey
Might soon not have an aspect quite so murky.
At all events, I hoped that Asia Minor
Might have an atmosphere a little finer
Before the dissolution.

Lord CRANBROOK:—

As for me,
I must confess I don't exactly see
How this Afghanistan affair will end;
But I should think that things are sure to mend
On what they are at present; so I'd wait
Till spring arrives, my lord, at any rate.

Sir M. H. BEACH:

My lords and gentlemen, I really thought
Our troubles in South Africa were brought
To a conclusion when we caught the king
And gave him toys to play with. No such thing;
Sir Garnet's now gone after Beccooni.
(That Wolsley means to be a second Boney,
And carry all before him.) Then the Boers
Are not quite settled yet upon all fours;
So I shall vote we wait.

Mr. CROSS:

And so shall I,
For in the coming session I shall try
To pass some measure which shall make my name
Remembered in the future. It's a shame
You gentlemen should take up all the time
With foreign matters only, and that I'm
Compelled to stump the country to support
Your foreign policy, although I ought
To blow on my own trumpet. Oh yes, pray,
Give me a little chance by more delay.

Colonel STANLEY:

Well, I can't echo Cross, for, though 'tis true
I cannot boast of much, I carried through
The House last session that tremendous bill
On army discipline. But stay, I will
Just say a word for Holker. He, you know,
Before he mounts the bench would like to show,
Those high abilities with which he's blessed,
By taking to its everlasting rest
Upon the statute book that famous bill
To codify the law.

Lord BEACONFIELD:—

I think it will
Be wise to wait awhile. No doubt, my friend
Sir Stafford Northcote may find in the end,
As I have said before, that kindly fate
Is ever lenient to those who wait,
And if he will be patient till the spring,
It may relief to his misfortunes bring.
The Radicals have menaced us of late
With every kind of melancholy fate,
But whilst we stick to power that can't affect us,
And if they're so absurd as to expect us
To have a dissolution when they choose
They're very much mistaken. We shall use
Our own discretion, and retain our power,
If need be, to the latest day and hour
Of our septennate.

[All hail this decision with satisfaction, except the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who with difficulty suppresses a tear as he reflects on the "glories" of Budget night and the "delights" of long contests with the Parnellites.]

NOTHING is more difficult for the man who loves books than to refrain from examining a volume which he fancies may be unknown to him.—
Vivian Grey.

COUPON DINNERS.

Four Courses, 1s., at the ALBERT RESTAURANT, ALBERT BRIDGE. Dinners à la Carte throughout the day. Soup, 4d.; Entrées or Joints, 6d. and 10d.; Chop or Steak, 10d.; Teas, 5d. J. CAVARNA, General Caterer.

WAGES AND THE COST OF LIVING IN EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE *Economist* publishes the following tables giving details as to the rates of wages and the cost of living in Europe and the States:—

WEEKLY RATES OF WAGES.

| Descriptions. | Belgium. | France. | Germany. | Italy. | England. | Scotland. | New York. | Chicago. |
|------------------------------|---|---------|----------|--------|----------|-----------|-----------|----------|
| HOUSE BUILDING TRADES. | s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. | | | | | | | |
| Bricklayers | 34 0 16 | 0 14 | 5 13 | 10 33 | 6 53 | 6 48 | 6 34 | 43 |
| Carpenters and Joiners | 31 7 21 | 8 16 | 0 16 | 8 53 | 0 53 | 0 53 | 45 30 | 43 |
| Gasfitters | 31 7 21 | 8 16 | 0 16 | 8 53 | 0 53 | 0 53 | 45 30 | 43 |
| Masons | 24 0 30 | 0 17 | 2 16 | 0 33 | 8 33 | 1 43 | 72 48 | 80 |
| Painters | 16 10 19 | 7 15 | 8 18 | 5 30 | 0 53 | 8 40 | 64 24 | 43 |
| Plasterers | 21 7 21 | 8 16 | 0 16 | 8 53 | 0 53 | 0 53 | 45 30 | 43 |
| Plumbers | 24 0 30 | 0 17 | 2 16 | 0 33 | 8 33 | 1 43 | 72 48 | 80 |
| Slaters | 24 0 30 | 0 17 | 2 16 | 0 33 | 8 33 | 1 43 | 72 48 | 80 |
| GENERAL TRADES. | | | | | | | | |
| Bakers | 17 7 27 | 2 14 | 0 15 | 7 36 | 0 36 | 5 20 | 32 33 | 43 |
| Blacksmiths | 17 7 27 | 2 14 | 0 15 | 7 36 | 0 36 | 5 20 | 32 33 | 43 |
| Bookbinders | 19 5 15 | 4 15 | 7 31 | 4 36 | 0 48 | 73 36 | 80 | |
| Brassfounders | 19 5 15 | 4 15 | 7 31 | 4 36 | 0 48 | 73 36 | 80 | |
| Butchers | 14 0 21 | 7 15 | 5 16 | 10 29 | 0 19 | 0 33 | 48 48 | 73 |
| Cabinet Makers | 19 5 15 | 4 15 | 7 31 | 4 36 | 0 48 | 73 36 | 80 | |
| Coopers | 19 5 15 | 4 15 | 7 31 | 4 36 | 0 48 | 73 36 | 80 | |
| Coppersmiths | 18 4 16 | 0 15 | 7 33 | 0 35 | 0 40 | 53 40 | 60 | |
| Cutlers | 18 4 16 | 0 15 | 7 33 | 0 35 | 0 40 | 53 40 | 60 | |
| Engravers | 18 4 16 | 0 15 | 7 33 | 0 35 | 0 40 | 53 40 | 60 | |
| Horseshoers | 21 7 13 | 0 14 | 0 29 | 7 33 | 0 43 | 73 30 | 100 | |
| Millwrights | 18 4 16 | 0 15 | 7 33 | 0 35 | 0 40 | 53 40 | 60 | |
| Printers | 18 4 16 | 0 15 | 7 33 | 0 35 | 0 40 | 53 40 | 60 | |
| Saddlers | 18 4 16 | 0 15 | 7 33 | 0 35 | 0 40 | 53 40 | 60 | |
| Sailmakers | 19 5 15 | 4 15 | 7 31 | 4 36 | 0 48 | 73 36 | 80 | |
| Shoemakers | 19 5 15 | 4 15 | 7 31 | 4 36 | 0 48 | 73 36 | 80 | |
| Tailors | 20 5 14 | 2 17 | 2 39 | 2 36 | 0 40 | 72 24 | 73 | |
| Tinsmiths | 19 5 15 | 4 15 | 7 31 | 4 36 | 0 48 | 73 36 | 80 | |
| Labourers, Porters, &c. | 12 0 11 | 8 10 | 5 20 | 0 18 | 0 24 | 36 23 | 36 | |

AVERAGE RETAIL PRICES OF NECESSARIES.

| Articles. | Belgium. | France. | Germany. | Italy. | England. | Scotland. | New York. | Chicago. |
|----------------|---|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|----------|
| Bread | s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. | | | | | | | |
| Flour | 0 24 0 14 | 0 24 0 30 | 0 5 0 2 | 0 2 0 2 | 0 2 0 2 | 0 24 0 24 | 0 24 0 24 | |
| Beef | 0 9 0 9 | 0 8 0 8 | 0 8 0 8 | 0 10 0 10 | 0 10 0 10 | 0 5 0 4 | 0 5 0 4 | |
| Veal | 0 9 0 9 | 0 7 0 7 | 0 9 0 9 | 0 11 0 11 | 1 1 0 7 | 0 7 0 5 | 0 5 0 4 | |
| Mutton | 0 9 0 9 | 0 7 0 7 | 0 8 0 8 | 0 10 0 10 | 0 10 0 10 | 0 6 0 4 | 0 5 0 4 | |
| Pork | 0 9 0 9 | 0 7 0 7 | 0 8 0 8 | 0 10 0 10 | 0 10 0 10 | 0 6 0 4 | 0 5 0 4 | |
| Lard | 0 10 0 10 | 0 10 0 10 | 0 11 0 11 | 0 8 0 8 | 1 1 0 7 | 0 6 0 4 | 0 5 0 4 | |
| Butter | 1 5 1 0 | 0 11 0 11 | 1 2 1 4 | 1 4 1 2 | 1 2 1 2 | 1 2 1 2 | 1 2 1 2 | |
| Cheese | 0 11 0 11 | 1 0 1 0 | 1 1 0 9 | 0 10 0 10 | 0 6 0 8 | 0 6 0 8 | 0 6 0 8 | |
| Potatoes | 3 4 3 1 | 3 1 3 1 | 4 7 8 8 | 4 0 6 0 | 4 0 6 0 | 4 0 6 0 | 4 0 6 0 | |
| Rice | 0 4 0 4 | 0 3 0 3 | 0 3 0 2 | 0 4 0 4 | 0 4 0 4 | 0 4 0 4 | 0 4 0 4 | |
| Milk | 0 5 0 5 | 0 6 0 6 | 0 4 0 4 | 0 4 0 4 | 0 4 0 4 | 0 4 0 4 | 0 4 0 4 | |
| Eggs | 0 11 0 9 | 0 10 0 9 | 1 0 1 0 | 1 2 1 4 | 1 2 1 2 | 1 2 1 2 | 1 2 1 2 | |
| Tea | 8 11 8 11 | 8 11 8 11 | 8 11 8 11 | 8 11 8 11 | 8 11 8 11 | 8 11 8 11 | 8 11 8 11 | |
| Coffee | 1 5 1 3 | 1 5 1 3 | 1 4 1 5 | 1 8 1 8 | 1 0 1 2 | 1 0 1 2 | 1 0 1 2 | |
| Sugar | 0 8 0 8 | 0 2 0 2 | 0 3 0 3 | 0 2 0 2 | 0 4 0 4 | 0 4 0 4 | 0 4 0 4 | |
| Coal | 17 0 17 0 | 14 0 14 0 | 14 0 14 0 | 14 0 14 0 | 14 0 14 0 | 14 0 14 0 | 14 0 14 0 | |

A WARNING TO DRAUGHTSMEN.

[FROM THE "FOOTNEY GAZETTE."]

A CASE of poisoning by arsenic recently recorded presents one or two points of warning to artists in water-colours and draughtsmen. A post-mortem examination of the body of a mechanical draughtsman, who died suddenly, revealed the presence of arsenic in various parts of his system, though there was not a trace of the poison in the oesophagus and scarcely any indication of it in the stomach. Careful inquiry elicited the fact that the deceased had been in the habit of pointing his pencil when more or less filled with colour by putting it between his lips. Full investigation showed that the sepia this draughtsman had been using contained over three per cent of arsenious acid; sienna, and a brown colour, the name of which was not known, both presented rather more of the same poison, while it was also present in a number of others—Vandyck brown, Indian red, bladder green, &c.—though in smaller quantities. It was clearly from arsenical poisoning that the man had died, and it was equally clear that the poison distributed through lungs, heart, kidneys, and brain had been imbibed in infinitesimal quantities during a long period of time.

A BOOK is a friend that never deceives.—*De Fizecourt.*

BOOKS.—There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books, no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other.—*Butler's Remains.*

SONG OF A SCHOOL BOARD.

THE School Board election!
In every direction,
Huge bills for one's suffrage appealing;
Let me try to make plain
To my poor addled brain,
What means all this clamorous squealing?
To our friend Mr. Nunn,
No doubt there's great fun
In what folks who must pay don't think funny;
This little "fresh breeze,"
We might have if you please,
When we've got in a little fresh money.
Up Gill and down Dale,
Goes this modern Nunn's tale,
Which the ratepayers, not very merry,
At the winter in store,
Vote a nuisance and bore,
And wish it at—well, Canterbury!
To a chairman like Birley
It would be very surly
To refuse on the Board his due sitting,
And I think Mr. Phillips
Had better far still lips
Than utter such charges unfitting.
No Henn who is blest
With a good hatching nest,
From the charge of the chicks should be driven,
Whose fostering wings
The poor callow young things,
Both warmth and protection have given.
Loud voiced on the text,
Of extravagance next,
With his Daniels to judgment a-coming,
Dr. Garrett steps out,
But I fancy that shout
Will not win with its strenuous drumming.
When times are so hard,
It is not a bad card,
A dust on expenses to kick up;
But a city whose sway
Swept Old Garrett away
Another in Cross Street won't stick up!
And Mr. O'Connor,
Once more to the honour
Of a seat on the board should aspire;
For brain power like his
Can manage, I wis,
Any number of irons in the fire.
Then there's Hargreaves, I judge,
From his wall-pasted fudge,
His notion of School Boards quite odd is;
For his care of the mind,
We're in noways inclined—
Let him stick to the care of the bodies.
Quite unlike the bard's bark
Comes the Liberal ark,
Sailing on like a gallant three-decker,
No waves can o'erwhelm,
Dr. Watts at the helm,
And the prow is adorned by Miss Becker!
Let her white canvas gleam
In the sun's cheering beam,
As through the dark waters she's gliding,
With still gathering force,
Her unwavering course,
By the polestar of Truth ever guiding.
When the ship's gallant crew
Have proved trusty and true,
What need of a host of pretenders?
Let her colours be nailed
To the mast, though assailed,
They will want not for sturdy defenders.
Then Church or Dissent,
Let our efforts be bent
To keep the old Board in their places—
And all crotcheters,
Who'd set folk by the ears,
Let us give them their "Right about faces!"
* With "Youth at the helm and Folly at the prow."

BROOK'S DANDELION COFFEE is the best. Recommended by Dr. Hassall, M.D. From all Manchester Grocers & Chemists. Wholesale: Goodall, Bachhouse, & Co., Leeds; Glover, Son, & Co., Bradford; and the Makers, Brook & Co., 76, Hanover-st., Manchester.

JACKDAW
85, MARKET STREET, 85.

**KENNETH'S
PRESENTS**
FOR
Weddings, Birthdays,
ETC., ETC.



TOWN HALL CARILLONS FOR ENSUING WEEK.

At 3, 6, 9, and 12 o'clock.

- Friday, Nov. 14.—Rossau's Dream.
Saturday, " 15.—Bonnie Dundee.
Sunday, " 16.—Christians Awake.
Monday, " 17.—The Heavens are Telling.
Tuesday, " 18.—Here's a Health to All Good Lasses.
Wednesday, " 19.—Old Hundredth Psalm.
Thursday, " 20.—See the Conquering Hero Comes.

CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

- Theatre Royal.—*Mary Warner*. Miss Bateman.
" Monday.—Mr. D. Harkins, the American Tragedian.
Prince's Theatre.—*Taming of the Shrew*. Carl Rosa Company.
" Saturday.—Last night of Opera Company.
" Monday.—Brighton.
Queen's Theatre.—*The Bread Winner*.
Free Trade Hall.—Herr Dobler.
The Gaiety.—Variety Entertainment. Pat Feeney.
The Folly.—Variety Entertainment. Ashcroft.
People's Music Hall.—Variety Entertainment.
Circus, Chepstow Street.—Cooke Brothers.
Circus, Quay Street.—Charlie Keith.
Royal Institution.—Exhibition of Paintings.
" Sunday Afternoon.—Free Exhibition.
Exchange Street Galleries.—Exhibition of Water-Colours.
Belle Vue.—Zoological Gardens.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THE *Manchester Courier* in its virtuous indignation against its two contemporaries, for their misapplication of one word in Lord Beaconsfield's Guildhall speech, is so outrageously indignant as even to insinuate that the substitution of the word "calicoes" for "chemicals" was made for a sinister purpose, for it says—"It is hard to imagine that the 'correction' was made with a view to present the speech with faithful accuracy." There might have been some reasonable ground for the *Courier's* indignation if it had not made precisely the same mistake itself in its summary of the speech. What was the *Courier's* view in making the "correction?"

So Sir John Holker denies the report that he is about to be made a judge. He has only returned his briefs in order that he may more fully devote his time to his important official labours. Is there no other reason why he cannot be just at this moment elevated to the accustomed retiring shelf? How about the vacant seat it would cause at Preston? If that should by any unforeseen misfortune fall into unwelcome hands it would be rather *Holk-ward*, wouldn't it?

We are in possession of a charming little romance of Tory duplicity during the late municipal contest in our largest and most important ward, but defer its publication for want of space.

W. WHITTER,PRACTICAL CARRIAGE DESIGNER AND BUILDER, SHAKSPERE CARRIAGE WORKS,
SHAKSPERE STREET, ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.

We cannot too much admire the alteration which has been made in the appearance, both external and internal, of the Alexandra Music Hall, or, as it has been recently re-named, "The Folly." The handsome, spacious main entrance, the broad convenient gallery entrances, the alterations in the interior structure, and the magnificent lounge, are striking and complete, and the most substantial thanks are due to Mr. Garcia for his ample provision for the comfort and enjoyment of the public.

THE idea of an improved bottle label for poisons, which is quoted by the "Echoes" of the *Sporting Chronicle* correspondent as emanating from the *New York Herald*, is worthy of being kept perpetually before the public. Here is a fac-simile:—

Cut of skull and
cross bones.

POISON.

ARSENIC—ANTIDOTE.
Lime water in copious draughts.
Emetics of Sulphide of Zinc,
Flaxseed Tea, Infusion of
Slippery Elm.

McKEE, DRUGGIST,
154, Main-street, Middletown, Ct.

WHILST the Syrian question is of so much paramount interest, let us pay a tribute to one whose death is just announced, and who struggled so hard to free Syria from both Turkish and French rule for fifteen years—Abd-el-Kader, of Oran. His indomitable energy in holding out against the troops of Lamorcière, Clauzel, and Bugaud, was only equalled by his dignified conduct after his final submission, when his resources were utterly exhausted, and the notable loyalty and sympathy with which he sided with the Christians during the Syrian massacres. Peace to his mains.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, M.P., has been bequeathed a handsome legacy of £500,000 by his uncle, Mr. Hinde. Some people *have* luck to be sure, and we feel certain that the adoption of his uncle's name will prove no hindrance to Sir Henry Havelock's future prospects.

THE butter with which the Earl of Beaconsfield so thickly plastered Lord Mayor Whetham on Monday night last, when he congratulated him on his "skilful administration and brilliant reign," must have tasted rather rancid to Sir Charles, after he had been hooted and hissed all along the route during the procession.

DID he use the words "brilliant reign" in the same sense as he spoke of "our brilliant friends the Irish," in the same address? We trust the Irish electors will not forget the insulting innuendo!

Is not this a rather remarkable coincidence? "The Eastern question is, who shall govern the Mediterranean? There are only two powers who can do it: Egypt and Syria. As for the English, the Russians, the Franks, and the Austrians, they are strangers. They come and they will go; but Syria and Egypt will always remain."

"Egypt has tried and failed,
Then let Syria try and succeed."

"Tancred," by Benjamin Disraeli.

REVIEW.

THE ARTIZAN'S YEAR BOOK has, this week, made its first appearance. It is a marvellous sixpennyworth of scientific and useful information for the workshop and home uses. Joiners, stonemasons, bricksetters, plumbers, engineers, photographers, watchmakers, printers, and stationers, have all received attention at the hands of the editor; whilst the safety and convenience of householders have been attended to in fully as great proportion as their importance demands. The special feature of the book is its practical usefulness, of which our space does not admit even a recapitulation. Of special literary interest in this Year Book is a paper, by Abel Heywood, jun., on early English almanacks, whilst the papers on handrailing, on cotton machinery, on drawing instruments, and on workshop rules for ironworkers, are, any of them, worth the whole cost of the book, whilst an improved method of protecting hoist wells in warehouses, illustrated in this book, is one upon which too much praise cannot be bestowed, it is self-acting and secure.

THE SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION.

PERHAPS no town or city in England is having an experience in connection with the School Board Election similar to that we are having in Manchester. The rare spectacle is presented to us of the five retiring Church candidates recommending the re-election of the five Unsectarian candidates, at the same time we have the five latter gentlemen recommending the re-election of the five Churchmen. Remembering the time when the School Board was first elected, the change seems to foreshadow the time when, as the Scripture says, "the lion shall lie down with the lamb." But when we learn of the unanimity of the Board, of the success of the scheme for teaching children from the Bible, and of the extraordinary fact that both Voluntary Schools and Board Schools are better attended than ever they were, and that the latter are managed at 33 per cent less than the average cost in England, the fact that these gentlemen are only opposed by Churchmen, is an item of significance of which too much notice cannot be taken. The Rev. Canon Bentley, writing to one of the meetings over which he was prevented from presiding by sickness, asks:—"Is it a crime conscientiously and loyally to obey the law? Is it a crime to work for the benefit of the poor and the ignorant gratis? Is it a crime to have secured a larger amount of religious instruction for the poor than that which is administered by any other School Board in the country? Is it a crime to have obtained the almost unanimous approbation of the press and of the public? Is it a crime to build schools where, in the calm judgment of unprejudiced and responsible men, they are obviously required? It is no crime except in the eyes of irreconcilable obstructionists, who love liberty so much that they would keep it all to themselves, and not deign to share it with others. If we must have Board Schools—and the collective wisdom of the nation has said we must have them—let us obey, and be thankful that there is more economy, unanimity, reasonableness, and religious instruction in our Board than is to be found anywhere else (so far as I have heard) in England." Thus we see that there is a feeling of kindness between the different sections of the Board which it is in the highest degree injudicious to disturb. Besides, the proposals of the men coming forward are, in themselves, so ridiculous. Dr. Garrett proposes to raise the school fees a penny each child, by which plan he hopes to reduce the Education Rate a penny. In other words, he would put on a tax of threepence per week per family, or twelve shillings and sixpence per annum, in order to save tenpence per annum. By this method the rich men would save considerably, and the poor lose considerably. Owners of schools, of whom Dr. Garrett is one, would profit most of all. This fact is not creditable to the Doctor's motives. The claim of the School Board to re-election is based upon both the highest and lowest grounds that can be urged. They have successfully solved the religious difficulty, and every sceptic even, must admit that in religion is found the finest police idea the world ever saw. Once teach the child that there is an unseen power, from which it cannot escape, and the influence is greater than any number of Acts of Parliament. Once rid it of that idea, and moral force remains a rope of sand. From these considerations the old School Board party commands our suffrages.

THE IRISH ELECTORS.

THE important meetings held in Manchester and Salford this week, by the Irish party, is significant of the importance attached by the Liberal party to the power of the Irish vote. One fact made patent to all, is the feeling of the leaders of the Home Rule party that from the Liberals is to be expected that justice to Ireland so long delayed, and so essential at this moment to the very being of the mass of the Irish nation. True, all the laws in the world would not produce a crop of potatoes and wheat this year. But the people have become so habituated to looking to England for that hope so long delayed, that were the load removed from the Irish mind, the joyfulness of the people would find vent in the middle classes keeping the very poor from starvation, instead of buttoning up their pockets in expectation of having themselves to fight the grim foe of hunger in a little while. Mr. Mitchell Henry counsels the Irish voters to stand firmly by the Liberal party, but not to give their votes to men sworn to continue the present method of thrusting aside Irish questions. He declares justice from the English public is readily obtained, but not from the English-ruling party. Now, whilst we have the assurance that Home Rule is merely the desire to settle turnpike bills, water courses, railway schemes, and all the *etcetera* of internal traffic, without going to London, certainly the desire is very reasonable, and the saving likely to arise very considerable. This would be Home Rule of a very good sort.

TRUTHFUL TOUCHSTONE.

"Touchstone—a test."—*English Dictionary.*

IS Mr. William Touchstone a gentleman who is tolerated by the Conservatives of Manchester, not because of any intrinsic merit or value they see in him, but for his extreme pliability as a speaker, and his capacity to speak against time? His cool effrontery upon the platform is a great recommendation to at least one, and the most noisy section of his party. We remember the audacity which signalled his attempt to perform the feat that Mr. John Richards so signally failed to accomplish a fortnight ago, and the self-opinionated manner in which, when addressing the electors in Queen's Road, he said, "When I am returned to the City Council for St. Michael's Ward, AND I SHALL BE—" he spoke the last four words in capitals. The same gentleman—save the mark, has been parading his veracity on Saturday last at the Conservative Club, Newton Heath, to the utter discomfiture and demolition of that of his chief, Mr. Maclure. In speaking of the recent demonstrations he said, "We had a banquet, a two guinea banquet, remember, at the Free Trade Hall, and on the following Friday, the other party had a meeting in the same room." Mark the emphasis which was laid upon the monetary value of the banquet, and the quiet contempt of the "other party." He afterwards goes on to contrast the two great gatherings at Pomona. He says that the great hall, which had been accurately measured by Mr. Reilly, would hold more than twenty thousand persons, and that there were, consequently, that number present in the palace on the occasion of the Conservative demonstration. What must Mr. J. W. Maclure think of one of his most humble coadjutors who so openly contradicts his superior, for did not Mr. Maclure distinctly aver that there were considerably more than 50,000 in the same space? In speaking of the Liberal, or, as he styled it, the "other party's" insignificant gathering, he says—"I did not attend the meeting, but I visited the place on Friday and saw that they were arranging planks along the hall as seats, planks which had been out in the cold and wet weather all the summer; I hope," he touch(stone)ingly said, "that the occupants of those seats did not catch cold." Then he went on to contrast the number of persons which a room would hold seated, and the number it would contain when packed like matches in a box (this is a capital simile for a Tory meeting on account of the mixture of flash and brimstone at the upper region, and the wooden body which supports it) here he makes by implication two distinctly false positions—he leads his audience to believe that the whole hall on the first occasion was as full as he states, whereas it never was more than two-thirds filled; and he also implies that the seats on the second occasion extended over all the building, when not above one-third of the space was occupied by seats, the remaining two-thirds being equally as well, if not better "packed" than on the previous Saturday, concluding the parallel by saying—"I contend that there were not more than seven thousand persons present!" Even if full of a closely-packed, upstanding audience, he then asserts it would not have held twenty thousand. Here he has got into such a fog that he forgets he has asserted a few minutes previously that it contained more than that number on the preceding Saturday, and completely ignores Mr. J. W. Maclure's statement of 50,000 having been contained therein. He says also that the Liberals, who were so extravagant in their assertion as to number, have entirely forgotten, or never understood, Walkingame and Cocker—we suppose that those two authorities were completely exhausted by Mr. Maclure the week before. *Appropos* of Mr. Maclure, we received the following communication too late for our last week's issue:—

"To the Editor of the City Jackdaw.

"On leaving the Pomona Gardens, on Saturday, the 25th, about 4 o'clock, and proceeding along Chester Road, towards Old Trafford, myself and a friend were overtaken by Mr. J. W. Maclure in his carriage, and who was evidently on a quizzing expedition as to the success of the Liberal demonstration, for on reaching the Canal Bridge, at Throstle Nest, he alighted from his conveyance, and taking down a by-road which leads to the Bridgewater Coal Wharf, he got through the rails and proceeded along the river side for some distance in order to make his calculations of the throng which at that moment were making their protest against him and his party on the other side of the hoarding which prevented him from getting as near as he would otherwise have wished. I need hardly say he immediately returned with the expression of 'a sadder but a wiser man.'"

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is the best. Recommended by Dr. Hassall, M.D.; also Mrs. Lewis. Analyzed by Otto Hehner, F.C.S., and sold in Tins at 6d., 1s., and 1s. 9d. by all respectable Grocers. Makers—BROOK & CO., 76, Hanover-st., Manchester.

THE GUILDHALL SPEECHES.

1875.

My dearest Lord Mayor—do pray kindly extend
Your sympathies to an unfortunate friend;
A most faithful ally, who's borrowed our cash,
And cannot pay back the undignified trash.
Poor Turkey is bankrupt, you see, my Lord Mayor,
And the poor Turkish bondholders all in despair;
We can pity the bankrupt descendants of Shem,
But the ruined bondholders—pshaw! who cares for them!

1876.

Our poor bankrupt friend well defended must be,
If we have to take action by land and by sea;
The Treaty of Paris shall not be disdained,
And Turkish integrity must be maintained.
Austria shall not put foot o'er her western frontier,
And the Czar with her freedom shall not interfere;
Batoum, Bessarabia, all her broad lands,
Must be sacredly kept from the Muscovite's hands.

1877.

All conventions and treaties we now can make nought of,
And Turkey's integrity's not to be thought of—
We'll keep a wise distance from war's stern reality,
And in masterly style we'll proclaim our neutrality.
We'll shoot "British interests" in ironclad thunder,
And hold ourselves ready to share in the plunder;
We'll threaten and bluster—but keep from war's dangers,
And when the division comes—there we'll be rangers.

1878.

True patriots we—for with honest intention,
With each of the powers we've made secret convention;
"Peace with honour" we've caused our new motto to be,
"Peace" because we can't help it, and "honour" for me.
We've battered poor Turkey's integrity down,
And our acquisition's the talk of the town,
For your acquisition, see Cyprus, I beg,
And for mine, why, you see it encircles my leg.

1879.

Oh, haven't our peaceful propensities grown,
To the Zulu and Afghan it's fruits we have thrown;
Of the widowed and helpless we heed not the sigh,
"British prestige" is now our conventional cry!
We've revived the iron trade by an excellent plan—
Swords of honour and crosses we give to each man
Who has helped to lay poor native hamlets in ruins,
And not "peached" a word of his general's doings;
And as trade is reviving, we see that it will
More money bring into the national till,
And, of course, when it's there you won't scruple to lend it,
So we're looking about for a nice way to spend it.
We've ignored all our friendship of many years past,
And are forcing a quarrel on Turkey at last!

SKETCHES BY JINGO.

XVIII.—PLAYING AT GUY FAUX.

THE other night, as we sat in the parlour of the "Dancing Demon," young Sniggles had the imprudence to solicit our advice as to what he should do under the following circumstances. It would seem that Sniggles's employer being on the eve of departing to a fashionable watering place, to which he had been recommended by the family doctor, had done Sniggles the honour to ask him if he would undertake the charge of the house until he returned. Sniggles, not liking to refuse the offer of his employer, begged to be allowed a night to consider the question, and had come to us for advice.

How true is the saying that one half of the crimes committed in this world are owing to the favourable opportunities which force themselves upon our notice, and so it was with us. The devil

"Finds some mischief still for idle hands to do,"

and if Sniggles had kept his troubles to himself we boys of the "Demon" would have had one sin less to answer for. Often when peaceably reclining in our respective seats in the parlour, some tempter would obtrude his griefs (either personal or domestic) upon us, which was sure to have the effect of arousing our inventive faculties to either his particular or our general discomfort. To return. We knew that Sniggles was at heart a coward, and that he had a mortal aversion to aught savouring of the supernatural, and we immediately saw our way to a little game which

would afford us an amount of amusement. The glorious fifth of November was fast drawing nigh, and we knew that if Sniggles undertook the care of his master's house, we could play such a trick upon him as would give him food for reflection for many a day to come. We unanimously advised Sniggles to accept his master's offer; and before the end of the week we had the satisfaction of knowing that our intended victim was safely sheltered within his employer's house.

Impatiently we awaited the arrival of the famous, or, rather, infamous fifth, when Guy Faux and his lawless companions—secretly aided, abetted, and then treacherously deluded by Cecil, afterwards Lord Salisbury—kicked up such a commotion beneath Parliament House. Having procured a number of fireworks from the village shop, we sallied forth, about dusk, for the purpose of frightening young Sniggles, who was, even then, trembling in the kitchen of his absent master's house, or, to speak more correctly, "The Willows." Harry Barker proposed to fasten a pinwheel upon the door, and after setting fire to it, knock, and then watch for results. This was done. When the wheel was whirling round in its mad career, emitting sparks of fire the while, we rang the servant's bell. From our hiding place we had the felicity of seeing the terrified countenance of poor Sniggles peering cautiously from the window, to be withdrawn in rather a hurried manner when he saw the sparks flying about. We heard the door hurriedly fastened, and a muttered exclamation from Sniggles of, "God in Heaven, help me this ere blessed night," reached our ears. When the "wheel" had expended its force, we laid our heads together to discuss our next venture. Laying a train of powder, we lurked about the cellar, which was still unfastened, and awaited the time when Sniggles should prepare to inspect the outside premises, when we intended to accomplish our *coup de main*. Jemmy Dott loaded the cannons, Jeremiah Puddle fastened a couple of "pinwheels" upon the doors of the establishment, whilst young Barker concealed himself in the cellar, and prepared to carry out his share of the coming sport. I should think we watched upwards of an hour, and we were beginning to think Sniggles had scented danger, when the front door slowly opened and, with a huge poker in his right hand and a dark lantern in his left, he sallied forth upon what must have been to him a very unpleasant errand, namely, the inspection of the house and grounds. Now, or never, was the time. Guess the consternation of Sniggles when from every door there issued forth a dazzling blaze of light, whilst ever and anon the noise of an exploding cannon added to the *clat* of the scene. Go where he would Sniggles saw nothing but fire and sparks flying in all directions. Thinking that the place was on fire our hero rushed excitedly to the alarm bell, with the intention of attracting the notice of the police, when he fell over a log of wood which some careless domestic (?) had apparently left there and forgotten to remove, and, evidently stunned by the sudden fall, lay there for some time without moving. Young Barker, and two of the "conspirators" darted like vultures upon Sniggles, and after some difficulty succeeded in carrying him into the house, where we intended leaving him, trusting that when he opened his eyes on the morrow the events of the past night would seem to him to be the vague remembrance of a bad dream. But here we found ourselves mistaken, for, just as we had reached the door, the whistle of a policeman was heard. Hurriedly dropping our burden, we ran with the speed of hunted deer to the gate, to find ourselves confronted by the affrighted neighbours, who had seen the exploding fireworks. One fat old gentleman endeavoured to collar your humble servant, but a beautiful tap upon his full-blooded proboscis soon caused him to draw back in a slightly precipitate manner. Things were now getting serious, and we began to think we had fallen into a trap of our own setting, when a sudden yell filled the night air, and Sniggles rushed past us shrieking forth that the devil was in the house—cloven feet, horns and all. Opening the gate, he knocked down the fat old gentleman in his hurry, and the way being now clear for us we followed, and Sniggles, no doubt thinking that we were the imps of His Satanic Majesty, ran howling down the road. By this time a large crowd had assembled, and, evidently thinking that Sniggles was an escaped lunatic, joined enthusiastically in the wild pursuit. When Sniggles reached the police station, he hurriedly told his story to Inspector Sniffle, who, scenting promotion, departed for "The Willows," calling at the fire-engine station on his way, and requesting Mr. Tozzle to be in attendance at the big house, as he (the inspector) believed it was on fire.

By this time we boys had retired to our respected homes, not quite easy in our minds as to what the issue of the trick we had played upon Sniggles would be. We learned afterwards that he had returned from the police-station in company with Inspector Sniffle, and, after a thorough examina-

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ing success," may be had of all Chemists & Perfumers, at 4/-, 2/6, 1/6, 5/-, & 11/-. H. & CO.'s Sedative Cold Cream. 4d. 1/- & 2/6.

tion of the premises, had come to the conclusion that he had been subjected to a miserable hoax. On the Saturday of the same week a graphic report of the affair (supplied by Harry Barker, whose father, by name Jack Barker, hailed from the good old town of Norwich) appeared in our local paper under the heading of "Attempted Burglary at 'The Willows.'" The report went on to state that as Mr. Sniggles was in charge of the house, some persons not yet known to the police had endeavoured to effect an entrance into the place, but that owing to the extraordinary pluck displayed by Mr. Sniggles the burglars had failed in their nefarious attempt at robbery. When Sniggles's employer returned home, and learned the history of the "gunpowder plot," he rewarded our hero with a gold watch and guard for his bravery, and advanced his wages from sixteen shillings and sixpence to seventeen shillings. So the old adage which tells us that—

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good,"

proved true in this instance, and so elated was our victim that when he met us at our nightly resort he treated us to glasses round, and under the general influence of the potent whiskey punch, we clasped hands in brotherly love and swore eternal friendship, until the clock struck the closing hour, when we departed to our several homes in peace and goodwill to all men—Sniggles in particular. Of course, he learned the true cause of the trick, but considering that his gold watch, &c., fully compensated him for the misery he had undergone, he could afford to pass over the escapade with a pleasant smile, and a promise to say nothing about it to his master.

"IN VAIN."

I SAW a man—a melancholy sight—
His table was strewn o'er with sheets of paper;
He sat alone, the darkness of the night
Enlivened only by a waxen taper.

Great agony was seen upon his face,
His trembling fingers, buried in his hair,
Clutched at and almost tore it from its place,
As in the dreadful throes of wild despair.

And every now and then he'd lift his eyes
And set his teeth as if he were in pain,
Then break the stillness with his weary sighs,
And sink his head upon his hands again.

The clock told off each moment as it fled
With regular and never-failing stroke;
It seemed as if all other things were dead,
Whilst it alone a sound of life awoke.

And as in vain his feverish hands he wrung
In his hard conflict with some mental power,
With horrid serpent hiss and measured clang
It gave that witching time—the midnight hour.

He raised himself as on his ears there fell
Twelve times the solemn, loud, vibrating sound,
And, when at last had ceased the tell-tale bell,
He stayed an instant, and then started round.

"Thou harsh-tongued demon"—thus aloud spake he—
"And dost thou mean to say it is so late;
Can time have flitted by so speedily
Whilst I remain in this despondent state?"

"Tell me no more, thou traitor, that it's so;
Thy calculation's wrong—thou art too quick.
See here, I stop thee, never more to go,
Henceforth be quieted thy solemn tick."

Again he sat down in his chair. His quill
Deep in the ink he plunged and upward drew,
And did the same a many times, until
The long-enduring pen was split in two.

He flung it from him hastily, and seized
First one and then another, which he tried,
Until at last his fickle choice was pleased,
When he once more himself to work applied.

"I must not give it up—I can't," said he,
"Although the task is very very hard.
Oh that 'twas mine to pierce beyond and see
The glorious visions of the ancient bard."

Calm, peaceful silence reigns, there's scarce a breeze
Without his curtained window to bestir
The quivering foliage of the aspen trees,
Or whisper secrets to the stately fir.

He sat with eyelids closed. 'Twas all in vain;
The still air to him with sound was fraught;
Banished was inspiration from his brain,
Whilst listening ears night's ghostly voices caught.

"Oh, Mighty Power!" the sufferer moaning cried,
Descend and aid me in my lonely plight;
Let me not sink beneath this blackening tide
Of treacherous thought; disclose some ray of light,

"Point out a path in which my steps can tread,
And lead me to the far-off goal I seek.
My present way seems difficult to thread;
Have mercy on me, Mighty One, and speak."

Then rose a cry that made one's blood run cold,
As of a wild demoniacal call;
'Twould chill the hearts of gallant men and bold.
It was, to cut it short—a caterwaul!

Upright he sprang, quite frenzied in his rage,
On hearing puss's pugilistic revel.
He made remarks I can't write on this page,
Because they savoured too much of the devil.

"Good gracious! heav'ns! (I'll miss out all that's naughty!)
"That I could pluck their vile tongues from the roots!"
And, speaking thus, with angered air and haughty,
He raised the window and discharged his boots.

"Dence take it," he resumed, "it is too bad;
I will not any further waste my time.
Another hour and I'd be raving mad—
There cannot be another word to rhyme.

"I'll try no more, the world sha'n't hear my songs—
But live at least without this poet's praises.
My manuscript, I take thee in the tongs
And thus consign thee to oblivious blazes."

[NOTE.—Whereupon he did it.]

C. J. MATHEWS AS AN ACTOR.

[FROM "MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE."]

HE came to the profession without having served the usual apprenticeship. For him there was no probationary period of two years in the provinces at two guineas a week. But he had served another apprenticeship of a most valuable kind. He had had a gentleman's education; he had mixed with men of all classes, including the leading fashionable society of the day. He had been the favoured friend and companion of aristocratic circles. His accomplishments had had full play as an amateur. He could write, and sing, and draw, and act better than most amateurs. He had studied one art at least with zeal, if not with much chance of attaining ultimate excellence. It was natural, therefore, that after a few experiments he should settle down into that line of character which circumstances had best prepared him for. His natural advantages were quite remarkable. He had, in his prime, the pleasantest face, the most agreeable voice, the most attractive figure, of any actor of the day. It was a distinct and undeniable pleasure even to look at Charles Mathews. And even before he was seen, when his voice was heard behind the scenes rattling off some introductory phrases before entering on the stage, the spectator was aware of an actual feeling of exhilaration. He was too much of an artist, and too well acquainted with the manners that please, to play at the audience. He never "mugged at the pit" as we once heard him warn Whiskerandos against doing, in the second act of the *Critic*. But he had a way of letting the audience "catch his eye" every now and then in a good-humoured, apologetic sort of way that was irresistibly captivating. It was not strange that, being a delightful figure in a drawing-room, he should prefer to remain such, and to present for the rest of his life innumerable phases of the same thing. A disparaging remark of one of his Australian auditors is preserved for us in the memoir. The critic who had seen other performers in Mathews' favourite parts, did not at all take to the original representative when he appeared. "He is not half as good as the old man," said this worthy citizen; "he does not act a bit. It is only like a gentleman walking about a drawing-room." This is, in substance, only a repetition of the famous criticism of Partridge upon Garrick's "Hamlet." The performance was so true to life, that the critic could not allow that it deserved the name of acting at all. The proper reply to the Melbourne gentleman's criticism would have been to ask him in turn whether he had ever in his life seen any other actor who did look like "a gentleman walking about a drawing-room." It was the rarity, quite as much as the perfection, of this gift in Mathews which accounted for his popularity.

ARONSBERG'S "PERFECTION" SPECTACLES ONLY TO BE HAD AT 12, VICTORIA STREET, AND 103, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

HOW IS IT?

HOW is it, that people always look in the opposite direction to which they intend going, when coming out of a doorway, or in turning round the corner of a street?

How is it, that when a lad begins to learn to play upon a tin whistle or a flute, he invariably selects the tune, "We won't go home 'till morning"?

How is it, our Highways Committee is so petrified that it cannot indulge us in a little more wooden pavement?

How is it, when there is a railway accident with half a dozen killed, the daily papers generally devote several columns describing the occurrence, but in the case of a boiler explosion with similar fatality, the affair can only command one third of a column. Do railway accidents "go off" with greater éclat than boiler explosions?

How is it, notwithstanding the penalty of five years' penal servitude, at every assizes some letter carrier or post-office clerk gets convicted. Is the pay too small, or the sentence not heavy enough?

How is it, the bigoted Church party wish to turn out Miss Becker from the School Board and put a nun (Nunn) in her place. Has Canon Toole anything to do with it?

"REDNAIL."

ANA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CITY JACKDAW."]

Did anyone ever read such a rambling letter as poor old Ana's in reply to mine of the 24th October. Is your waste-paper basket full that you did not tip it in? He must be suffering from literary dyspepsia through having swallowed so many books and digested so few of them. He writes as if under the influence of nightmare. He tells me the word Ana has been Anglicised for two centuries, but I can tell him that some old words are like some old noodles, best out of the way. This little word to him

"Is great because it is so small,

And would be greater were it none at all."

He goes into ecstasies about his little bantling. He calls it "all embracing, loud sounding, sonorous." Save us! What ears for music; surely, they must be of the "Jerusalem" breed. Look at some of the words in this precious epistle of his: "staff-a-crampt, flapdoodle, axslaver." One stands appalled at the amount of learned twaddle he possesses.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,

"That one small head could carry all he knew."

Kindly take him under your sheltering wings. Dose him well with a few boxes of literary "Whelpton's," get him into good condition, and then procure him this situation—

"I would have a person whose sole business should be to read day and night, and talk to me whenever I wanted him to; I know the man I would have, a quick-witted, outspoken, incisive fellow, who knows history, or at anyrate has a shelf full of books about, which he can use handily; knows all the plots of plays and novels, can give you a criticism of an octavo in an epithet and a wink, and you can depend on it, delights in taking off big wigs and professional gowns, and in disembodying and unbandaging of all literary mummies, in short he is one of those men that knows everything except how to make a living. Him would I keep on the square next my own royal compartment on life's chessboard. For all contingencies I would liberally provide. In a word, I would in the plebian but expressive phrase 'put him through' all the material part of life; see him sheltered, warmed, fed, buttonmended, and all that, just to be able to lay on his talk when I liked,—with the privilege of shutting it off at will." Ana—how he is too much for me, so I hand him over to you,

ANGLO-SAXON.

Sir,—When you engage the services of an "Ana" correspondent, you should take the precaution to ascertain his reliability, as, when quoting from such writers as Captain Marryatt he is liable to be put to the blush by any schoolboy. In the paragraph in your last issue relating to *flapdoodle*, he quotes as follows:—"Flapdoodle, sir, says Mr. Chucks to Lieutenant O'Brien, is the stuff they feed fools on." Now as "Peter Simple" is one of those agreeable tales which is read over and over again by all who can enjoy light literature, a quotation from that work, at

least, ought to have the merit of being correct—here is the exact quotation—"The marine officer came on board very angry at being left behind, and talked about a court-martial on me for disrespect, and neglect of stores intrusted to my charge; but O'Brien told me not to mind him or what he said; 'It's my opinion, Peter, that the gentleman has eaten no small quantity of *flapdoodle* in his lifetime.' 'What's that, O'Brien!' replied I; 'I never heard of it.' 'Why, Peter,' rejoined he, 'it's the stuff they feed fools on.'" If all the extracts of your "Ana" correspondent are as reliable as the one I mention, we can come to no other conclusion than that he has been brought up from infancy upon no other food than

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But when winds are piping hoarser
The *Dolphin* rides the stormy sea.

"*Stephens* was a noble printer,
Of knowledge firm he fixt his *Tree*
But time in him made many a splinter
As old *Elzevir* in thee.

"Whose name the bold *Digamma* hallows,
Knows how well his page it decks;
But black it looks as any gallows
Fitted for poor authors' necks.

"Nor time nor envy e'er shall canker
The sign that is my lasting pride;
Joy, then, to the *Aldine Anchor*,
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"Yours gratefully,
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"To Mr. Denton."

"Mr. Denton.
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